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The Lonely

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Chapter 1 by The Author

I walked a path that no one else could.

People laughed at me and called me names never knowing the burdens that i carried on my shoulders,burdens so heavy that no one but i could carry it.

When i was born i didn't cry like the other babies,I grew up knowing that i would not be normal.

The first sign was my uncanny ability to sense what people were feeling this allowed me to persuade many people,it then evolved into being able to sense peoples thoughts and actions until one day I was sent to a school for "special and peculiar children" it wasn't like harry potter where you where sorted out into different houses by a sorting hat over here you were to spend a night alone in "The Forest" an ancient grove filled with strange trees and even stranger creatures,they say that your night in the forest will determine where your destiny will lead you depending upon the creatures you meet and your interactions with them.

Tonight it is my turn i can feel the eyes of those behind me as well as a strange sensation that somewhere in that forest I will learn about who and what I am.

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The forest beckons and the night something in the darkness calling me.

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Chapter 2 by Brock Thompson



I decided to simply walk until I find something. Heading in a straight line I reach a clearing.

There is something off about this patch of grass. I can't see anything wrong with it, but... is it the trees?

I look up to see no leaves directly above me. Just bare branches.

"Ah, so you can feel it too?" A voice says. I nearly jump out of my skin at hearing these words.

A set of beautiful eyes appears in the darkness of the woods before me, and as they move forward, the light reveals a slender, blue-skinned girl. Her skin is the shade of blue that appears in nature, when a full moon is about to rise.

I take a step back. Even though she's beautiful, I have no idea who or what she is, and I've never seen skin like that before.

"Who are you?" I ask timidly, half-expecting her to turn into some hideous creature.

The blue-skinned girl smiles, her eyes full of joy. "You asked who I am. Not what I am. I am a person to you?"

I straighten, confused. "Of course. Why would you not be?"

She smiles again. "Every person who has passed me has asked what I am, not who I am. To them, I am an animal. A creature of the forest. But to you, I am a person, with my own thoughts and memories," she stepped up to me, and I didn't back away. She kissed me on the cheek. "You are going to be a legend someday, but I will never forget you as the boy who thought of me as a person. And for that, I will let you pass."

She stepped back and away from me, and the plants behind her bent and shifted to reveal a path leading into the forest. My cheek tingled from the touch of her lips. I didn't know quite why, but I was more confident now. Happier. Whatever lay beyond in that forest, I could overcome. I

would rock the foundations of this forest.

I stepped onto the path.

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Chapter 1 by Phantia



Or at least I thought I did. Suddenly there was no path and I was just falling. The pit seemed to be endless and I just tumbled through the darkness. At first I was scared that i was going to die, but as the minutes stretched on -- other thoughts began to flow through my mind. Thoughts about life and death, love and loss, nature and humanity. I became so lost in my thoughts that I didn't notice that I hit the bottom. I was laying on the path now, I wondered if I had ever even fallen to begin with. This forest was more strange that I could have imagined and I have only been here for two minutes. With that thought I gulp, uncertainty washes over me as I begin down the worn dirt path. The cool breeze washes over me, the smell of flowers and earth comfort me. There is magic in this place, perhaps that should scare me, but instead I feel like I am a part of this place.

Before I realize it a huge shadow blots out the sun... I look in front of me and see two large feet. /Gulp/.

Chapter 4 by John Facey



Remembering the kiss I ran my fingers softly across my cheek. Still tingling it brought back the words she spoke to me your going to be a legend some day. Thoughts of that day restore my confidence slightly. I decide I would approach the being that belongs to these gigantic feet as I would any other person in the forest on this magical day! Ok, what a mistake here I am trying to make myself known to this being, yelling as loud as I could only seeming to confuse the situation. Not thinking but my little voice could not travel far enough to be heard properly by the giant standing in front of me. Unable to identify the direction to which the noise was coming from the great one started to stumble around trying to find me. A legend she said.

Is it to be the boy stuck to the bottom of the great ones foot?

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

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